
**THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.**

FEBRUARY, 1814.

MEMOIR OF MRS. PRITCHARD.

THIS lady, whose maiden name was Vaughan, and who once combined the abilities of a Siddons and a Jordan, was, when very young, introduced to the notice of Mr. Booth, who was exceedingly pleased with her manner of reciting several scenes of parts in tragedy and comedy: he was then so great a valetudinarian, and so little connected with the management of the theatre, that it is thought he advised her to apply to Colley Cibber, or some other governing person of the stage. Her first appearance was, it is said, in one of Fielding's pieces, at the little theatre in the Haymarket. Her second stage trial was in *Lady Diana Talbot*, in *Anna Bullen*, at the theatre in Goodman's Fields; and soon after she acted at *Bartholomew Fair*, where she gained the notice and applause of the public by her easy, unaffected manner of speaking, and was greatly caressed and admired for singing in some farce, or droll, a favourite air which began with—

“Sweet, if you love me, silent turn——”

Mrs. Hannah Pritchard was a candidate for theatrical fame in 1733, at the time when Mr. Highmore, patentee of Drury-Lane Theatre, quarrelled with his principal actors, who revolted from him, and opened the theatre in the Haymarket: to the seceders she applied for employment; and they very gladly embraced so promising an addition of strength to their company.

One of the first parts she acted in this theatre was *Belina*, in a play called the *Mother-in-law*, translated by Miller from Moliere's *Malade Imaginaire*; and adapted to the English stage: her genteel person, for she was then young and slender, her attractive countenance, her expressive, yet simple manner, her unembarrassed deportment, and proper action, charmed all the spectators, who looked at one another with surprise and pleasure, as if congratulating themselves on seeing a rising genius, capable perhaps one day of consoling them for the loss of their favourite Oldfield, an actress of extraordinary merit, then lately deceased.

When Fleetwood united the two companies of Drury-Lane and the Haymarket, Mrs. Pritchard was of too much consequence to be neglected; but, notwithstanding her just claim to encouragement, the manager for some time omitted to bring her forward to public notice by not giving her a proper opportunity to display her talents; she was often, from pique or prejudice, thrust into characters unworthy so great a genius; such as *Lady Loverule*, in the *Wives Metamorphosed*; and when Mrs. Cibber made her first essay in *Zara*, in the tragedy of that name, Mrs. Pritchard was cast into the inferior part of *Selima*, her friend and confidant. But it was impossible to obscure the lustre of so bright a diamond as Pritchard; by degrees, she convinced the patentee that it was his interest to have her often seen in parts of importance. *Rosalind*, in *As You Like It*, at once established her theatrical character: her delivery of dialogue, whether of humour wit, or mere sprightliness, was never surpassed,

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or perhaps equalled, at that time. Her fame was now increasing every day by the eagerness which the town expressed to see her in various characters. Not confined to any one walk in acting, she ranged through them all; and what is singular, she discovered a great degree of merit in every distinct class of it; her tragic powers were eminent, but particularly in characters which required force of expression, and dignity of figure.

She excelled in the Queen Mother of Hamlet; Zara, in the Mourning Bride; Merope; Creusa, and more especially in Queen Katherine, the wife of Henry VIII. She gave to all these parts importance by her action as well as speaking; her few defects in tragedy proceeded from a too loud and profuse expression of grief, and want of grace in her manner; her natural ease of deportment and grandeur of person generally hid the defect of this last requisite from common spectators. Her great fort in comedy lay in a middle path, between parts of superior life and those of humour in a lower class. Cibber's Lady Townly, Lady Betty Modish, and Maria in the Nonjuror, she conceived accurately, and acted pleasingly, and with applause; but neither her person nor manner were sufficiently elegant or graceful for the high bred woman of fashion. In Shakspeare's Beatrice, Vanbrugh's Berinthia, Farquhar's Mrs. Sullen, and all such parts as are thrown into situations of intrigue, gaiety, and mirth, with diversity of humour, wit, and pleasantry, she was inimitably charming; she could descend to the affectations of a Lady Dainty, and the Scrivener's Wife in the Confederacy; but her powers seemed to be checked by such inanimate parts of assumed delicacy. Notwithstanding the fullness of her person, and her advanced age, the town was charmed to the last with her representation of Congreve's delightful portrait of wit, affectation, and good nature in Millamont.

Her disengaged and easy manner in speaking and acting supplied the want of an elegant form and a

youthful countenance ; she was mistress of dramatic eloquence in familiar dialogue ; and, in the course of conversation upon the most trifling topics, she had an unaccountable method of charming the ear ; she uttered her words so smoothly and trippingly from the tongue, that however voluble in enunciation her part might require her to be, not a syllable of articulation was lost.

Her unblemished conduct in private life justly rendered her the great favourite of the people ; few actresses were ever so sincerely beloved, and powerfully patronized, as Mrs. Pritchard. A remarkable instance of public regard was shewn to this comedian when she first brought her daughter on the stage : Mrs. Pritchard stooped to play Lady Capulet, in *Romeo and Juliet*, in order to introduce Miss Pritchard in her attempt to act Juliet ; the daughter's timidity was contrasted by the mother's apprehensions, which were strongly painted in their looks ; and these were incessantly interchanged by stolen glances at each other. This scene of mutual sensibility was so affecting, that many of the audience burst into involuntary tears.

This young actress was extremely agreeable, and in many parts, suited to her youth and beauty, was a favourite of the audience ; but she did not long continue an actress. A daughter of Mrs. Pritchard might be excused for quitting the stage, when she recollected, that however indulgent the people might be to her performance, she put them in mind of her mother's great superiority. Miss Pritchard married Mr. John Palmer, a respectable performer, and a man esteemed for his integrity. Since his death, she married to Mr. Lloyd, a man who, after having gone through many vicissitudes of fortune, became a great jobber in the stocks. Mrs. Pritchard took leave of the stage in an epilogue, written by Garrick, to the tragedy of *Macbeth*, acted for her benefit. Mr. Garrick, out of respect to this very valuable woman, gave the public, and it is believed for

the last time, one of his principal, and most masterly performances of the character of Macbeth. Lady Macbeth is the chief agent of the poet's plot, a woman of unbounded ambition, divested of all human feeling, who, to gain a crown, urges her reluctant husband to the murder of his King. Mrs. Pritchard's acting, before and after the commission of the horrid deed, was strongly characteristic; it presented an image of a mind insensible to compunction, and inflexibly bent on gaining its purpose. When she snatched the daggers from the remorseful and irresolute Macbeth, despising the agitations of a mind unaccustomed to guilt, and alarmed at the terrors of conscience, she presented to the audience a picture of the most consummate intrepidity in mischief. When she seized the instruments of death, and said—

“ Give me the daggers ! ! ”

Her look and action cannot be described, and were not soon forgotten. In the banquet scene, in the third act of the play, she discovered still more skill, if possible, than in the preceding act: when the guilty king, by his alarming terrors, resulting from the murder of Banquo, betrays himself to his guests, Pritchard's art in endeavouring to engage the attention of the company, and draw them from the observation of Macbeth's feelings, equalled any thing that had ever been seen in the art of acting.

In exhibiting the last scene of Lady Macbeth, in which, from the terrors of a guilty conscience, the mind is kept awake while the body sleeps, Mrs. Pritchard's acting resembled those sudden flashes of lightening which more accurately discover the horrors of surrounding darkness. She spoke her farewell epilogue with many sobs and tears, which were increased by the generous feelings of a numerous and splendid audience; she retired to Bath, and died there, about four months after, of a mortification in her foot. Thus Mrs. Pritchard, who, for

nearly thirty-six years, had been admired for her superior merit in her profession, and beloved for her many virtues in private life, in 1768, resolved to withdraw into retirement: to this she was tempted by the prospect of great advantages, which were to accrue to her from a legacy of one Mr. Leonard, an attorney, of Lyon's Inn, a distant relation, of whose will, her brother, Mr. Vaughan, was the executor; but, whatever might have been the intention of the testator, by his will the bulk of his estate fell to the heirs at law, who were his nearest relations: Mr. Vaughan's conduct in this affair was publicly censured, and legally questioned. Mrs. Pritchard was unhappily led into a gross error. C.

SINCERITY.

A knowledge of the human heart is a science acquired only by long observation, and requires great reflection. Men are so skilful in disguising themselves, and take so much care to conceal what they think, that their true intentions cannot be easily penetrated: they most commonly act from caprice; what pleases them at one time, disgusts them at another; we must be very subtle and very pliant, to devine what they love, and to accommodate ourselves to them. The majority of mankind are incomprehensible; they speak, they act, precisely against their intentions; you must always suppose the contrary of what they tell you; the mouth and the heart have rarely a correspondence; they have rarely good faith, or sincerity; they are always in a mask, and have nothing natural. Such persons are the scourge of civil society, against which we must always be guarded to prevent being deceived.

REFLECTIONS

ON

THE NEW YEAR'S DAY.

A YEAR is past! Time, in his rapid, but steady flight, has performed another entire revolution round his own axis, and completed one series of his destined course; while, without resting, he is whirled again by the unwearied hand of inevitable fate. A year is past! a link is cut off from the frail chain of our short-lived existence; the tide of our revolving years is thus gradually receding from the shore, and flowing back to the source whence it first ebbed!

It is always useful to reflect on the rapidity of time; but never more so than at those periods which, as it were, limiting his vast career, bring to closer observation the great importance of his use, and the awfulness of his desolating power:—to oppose him, mighty seas would in vain swell their threatening waves, and huge mountains present their lofty summits, and ponderous weight;—the most elegant productions of art, and the most stupendous works of nature, are equally subject to his sway, and doomed to fall by his conquering scythe; even man, who, carried on the wings of his soaring genius, either boldly explores the farthest regions of the air, or fearlessly plunges into the roaring abysses of the deep, and daringly scans the most profound works of his Creator,—even man must yield to the influence of all-desolating time; outrageous decrepitude furrows his majestic front, bends with feebleness his erect and commanding form; and sweeps him away in the common mass of earthly destruction.

Time is an instructor both awful and sublime; his lessons, written on the dust of passing generations, and

engraved on the tombs of the dearest objects of our affections, speak a language so eminent in wisdom and truth, they so impress our feelings with great and melancholy thoughts, that we thus look to consoling religion with a fonder hope, and pay to immutable virtue a higher reverence.

Associated with the councils of the Almighty, and charged to execute the decrees of his absolute will, to Time it is given to unfold the profound designs of an inscrutable providence in the moral administration of this vast universe; to bring forth from behind the thick veil of future ages, those innumerable and astonishing changes which so eminently mark the checkered course of all human affairs. To Time it belongs to curb and to confound the insulting audacity of the wicked; and to exalt and reward the humble submission of the just. Time is not only a rigid monitor, but also an incorruptible witness: he is not seen, he is not heard; yet he sees and hears every thing, notices the most minute deeds of good and evil; and the testimony of his voice, thrown into the scale that shall weigh our last destiny, shall make it rise either to the state of immortal blessedness, or sink into an endless hopeless woe.

Though Time be so precious, we seemingly attach but little value to it; hurried away in the bustle of this empty noisy world, we hardly ever think on the swiftness of its flight, or the uncertainty of its possession. We gaily sail down the rapid torrent, nor do we heed the numerous wrecks scattered up and down. That treasure which providence has graciously bestowed on us to purchase unfading crowns and everlasting kingdoms, we throw away in paltry, perishable things;—we scatter on the barren desert that precious seed of a glorious immortality, so that we can expect to reap nothing from it but vain regrets and bitter remorse.

The year that is past opens to that which follows a fruitful field of instruction. So many hopes, which we

know to have been disappointed,—so many deep laid plans for future aggrandisement and prosperity, which have ended in vexation, and not seldom in ruin, must make us less confident in our own powers; they show to ambition the vanity of her lofty aims, and to avarice the uncertainty of her sordid speculations. We have seen death under so many forms, from decayed old age to wanton youth, that health must no longer trust to her bloom, nor strength to her activity; but all must tread with fear and caution on that slippery ground from which so many have before stepped into their graves. One great benefit we derive from meditating on time past is, that we practically learn to make a better use of the present.

Like the shipwrecked mariner, whom the tempest has cast on an isolated rock, we are just emerging from the wrecks of a year! and find ourselves thrown on the first day of another; but it would be inconsistent with reason, nay with common sense, were we to indulge ourselves in every kind of intemperate mirth, or blustering revelling, whilst the surrounding atmosphere is still overcast; whilst the storm still rages, and the angry wave foams and threatens. Let rather the melancholy view of the vanity of human wishes, of the instability of human joys, which every year presents, make our hearts aspire to that blessed state of existence—

“Where momentary ages are no more;

“Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire.”

Let faith, hope, and sweet charity, lead us, as by the hand, through the progressive wrecks of days, and months, and years; and we shall behold with calm resignation the end of time, and enter with pious confidence the gates of awful eternity.

N. FRAISINET.

SORDID HOUSEWIFERY.

This letter contains a very amusing description of a character, which, we believe and hope, is not common among the Fair Sex.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I am married to a woman who takes from me all the advantages of my fortune, temper, and character; I am sad, in spite of my disposition to be cheerful; I live in poverty, in spite of my wealth, which I have a great desire to enjoy. Nevertheless my wife, this fatal wife, who has deprived me of so many means of being happy, has an engaging person; she loves me tenderly, and I love her most sincerely. You will ask me, if she is jealous. No; I never saw the least taint of jealousy; if that were her distemper, I would cure her. I do not attempt the virtue of any man's wife; the person of my own is sufficiently attractive; and I am too idle to give myself the trouble of intriguing. What then makes her a scourge? She is avaricious in the extreme; and would be a subject more for the admiration than the example of the most determined miser. I cannot reconcile myself to expose her entire portrait; misers would, perhaps, hang themselves, when they learn, that a thousand little expences which they incur, and believe to be indispensable, are very superfluous; for example, my wife never writes a letter, nor ever receives one; to write a letter, she must be at the expence of a sheet of paper; to receive one, she must pay the postage. Upon one occasion, at dinner, my children and myself having a good appetite, were served with so frugal a repast, that I ordered a capon to be

roasted; my wife, who turned pale at the sight of it, believed it her duty to atone for the expence, and repair by sobriety the injury which, in her opinion, was sustained by our intemperance. The time for supper arrived, not more was brought to table than would have sufficed for two half starved sparrows. By my soul, my children and myself changed colour in our turn. "Wife," said I, "there is not enough." "You are deceived," said she, "for I shall take no supper." "The condition of your stomach is very unfortunate," replied I, in a constrained manner; "but I give you notice, that mine is not so enduring." Thereupon I ate a morsel for want of being able to eat two, unless by stealing the share of another; and then withdrew almost fasting. Two hours after, my wife fell down in a swoon from pure inanition; I begged her to take food. "Leave me," said she, "it is the capon, which I have not been able to digest." I might well mistrust her; for she had not tasted of it.

You may easily conceive, Sir, that this almost eternal abstinence must have spread an air of languor over every countenance in my house; and that when I return home, I cannot but believe, that I am re-entering a desert; so sorrowful a calm reigns there, the kitchen is so cold, my children are so serious, so melancholy!

You will not fail to tell me, that I am master, and that if I suffer, I have nothing to blame but my own complaisance. It is true, I could not till now determine to tell my wife, in a firm tone,—*I will*. This is the reason she has grown lean without interruption; and that my children have neither been fed, nor clothed: in summer, they are concealed, and in winter, they are clad too lightly.

How do you think I behave when I lose my patience? I keep my temper; and suddenly depart from home, to purchase her a new gown. This gown is more or less costly, according to the degree of my anger. Two

months ago, I was so exasperated, that I bought her a most superb and expensive dress; at the sight of it, she fainted; and for six weeks I have scarcely had any rest. Afterwards she carried her sordid housewifery to such excess as to gratify me every day with some extraordinary trait of economy; and to punish her, I used quickly to run, and purchase her a superb lace cap, or some expensive article of dress.

If she should not be corrected, at least in part, I am determined to free myself from her tyranny; not that I will employ either steel, or poison, to occasion her death; I have means more innocent, which will deride all inquiry; and will, I believe, scarcely wound my conscience: you shall judge concerning them. When I wish to amuse myself, to see my friends, or give them a dinner, I take them to a small house, hired at the instance of my wife a few years since. Besides, I sometimes form parties of pleasure to the country; go to the theatre with ladies; game; at times I lose: my wife knows nothing of all this; and having, I know not how, a presentiment that we shall one day be at great variance, and I shall be compelled to separate from her, I have always had the precaution to keep an exact account both of my losses and expences, of which she is ignorant. Well; this account is the instrument with which I shall kill her; this is my poniard; it is in good condition; and will not fail. The total of the sums I have expended amount to fifteen hundred pounds. I will let this dreadful memorandum of expences fall before her, as if by accident; it will attract her notice; she will pick it up, and, it is to be presumed, it will be her death-blow. Let her correct herself then quickly; and let her cease to torment me by her sordid avarice; whilst there are so many husbands ruined by having wives too expensive.

THE GOSSIPER.

NO. XXXI.

—
“ Ah, wretched those who love !”

CREECH.
—

GREAT news just arrived from Lord Wellington!! second edition Courier!! Victory in Spain!!! Oh! hide me! Oh! shield me from this noise, said Emmeline to her aunt, while the air rung with the peals of the newsmen; for sad apprehensions struck her breast. Do not think, gentle reader, that Emmeline Darwin was no patriot, or that she rejoiced not in the victories of her countrymen? Ah no; 'tis true she was no Portia; yet she loved the brave; but, in the laurels reaped by her countrymen, she feared that he for whom only she lived might be numbered with the slain. In vain Mrs. Knowell represented the chance, the great chance of his being saved out of so numerous a body of troops; in vain the old lady painted to Emmeline her lover returned, crowned with wreaths of victory; a transient smile, 'tis true, at this idea played on the mouth of the interesting girl; but the tear which had lingered on her cheeks was soon washed off by a fresh current of grief. She only saw her Hector writhing in tortures, without a hand to help him, or a friend to close his eyes, expiring for want of aid; she saw him a distorted and humid corpse, neglected on a heap of slain; she placed her hands before her face to hide her grief, and hursting into tears, exclaimed,—He's killed! He's killed!

It was impossible to stop your ears against so brilliant a victory as that of Vittoria; it was in every one's mouth; and as Emmeline passed to her chamber to give full vent to her grief, she caught the servant's tongue; she heard

the catalogue of killed, wounded, and missing, with exaggerated force; and disdaining all comfort, threw herself into a chair facing the portrait of him she loved. A violent torrent of tears were succeeded by a torpid calm; she rested her burning forehead on her chilly hand, which in some measure assuaged its burning heat, and, as reason dawned, the violence of her grief subsided. Why, she exclaimed, should I give way to sorrow, when he for whom I mourn may be spared? Let me not then give way to enervating regrets; I will trust in that power who has yet spared him. Still she heard the horns at distance;—her heart palpitated with fear;—she returned, however, to the drawing-room, and delighted her friends with apparent resignation to her fate. Mrs. Knowell, finding her niece had so soon recovered, congratulated her upon her fortitude; at the same time, knowing it was to little use our living in the world without profiting by age, she read her niece a lecture upon the extreme folly of grief, accompanied by some shrewd remarks on the extreme folly of falling in love with a soldier. I wonder for my part, said the old lady, what you promise yourself by this nonsensical love-match. What business has a soldier to marry; except to get a wife to carry his knapsack? Could Miss Darwin, pray, live on five shillings and four-pence a day. How then was their family to be supported. Emmeline had often declared, she could wait for five, ten, or twenty years, provided she still possessed his love: she had so often declared this; and now that she ran over the old story again, Mrs. Knowell was out of all patience. "Wait! a fiddlestick!" she replied. Though what was the cause of the thorough contempt that Mrs. Knowell bore this instrument, we know not; but, whenever she was thrown off her guard, and suffered passion to get uppermost, instead of thinking of an oath, and with a bite of the tongue, sending it back again, this fiddlestick always came to

her aid; and she would return to the same strain of argument. It is true, once in her life she made use of "Hold your fool's tongue!" but this was the epocha of abnse, a sort of vituperative data; she had declined in eloquence ever since, and had been content with stuff and nonsense, or with an occasional pshaw; except indeed upon extraordinary occasions; and then she had recourse to the aforesaid fiddlestick.

However, Mrs. Knowell did oftentimes stumble upon truths, they were truths, and common-place ones, to be sure; but there was no less reason in them. "Is it not absurd," she continued, "in a sensible girl like yourself,"—Emmeline, at the word sensible, determined patiently to hear her aunt,—"to think of whiling away your youth on a man who may prove inconstant, and leave you ten years hence—a deserted old maid." But Emmeline heeded her not; "Who would take the pains I have done," continued the aunt, "to make you forget this silly passion? but I am a fool to talk to a girl in love; to attempt to reason with one who shuts her ears against conversation; one who is determined to be miserable. Go then, infatuated, silly girl; and mourn your imprudence; but I will still hope, for it is for your happiness that some fortunate ball may rid you of a man with——" "Oh! my dear aunt," exclaimed Emmeline, "spare me. What crime have I committed that such a misfortune should be my portion? Did not you first introduce him to this house? did you not countenance his daily visits? Could I be insensible to his merits? Could I help a presentiment in his favour creeping into my heart? and did I not return his passion? Shall I now desert him? Oh! no; if I have been guilty in owning a preference, if I have unconsciously raised hopes, shall I, can I be base enough to make him miserable? for has he not declared before you, that he will never survive my loss. Let other girls begin with first acting imprudently in owning a passion for the other sex; and when the offers

of wealth and fashion solicit their hands, shielding themselves under the guise of prudence, leave him whose fortune will not buy them rank to disappointment and despair; they are no rule for me." Mrs. Knowell had too been convinced she was something to blame; Hector Osborne was not only a favourite of the young; but older ladies had no objection to receive little attentions at his hands. He had occasionally a ticket to spare at an assembly, or a place at a review, and old ladies do not always decline parties of pleasure. Mrs. Knowell always accompanied her niece, as it was extremely improper, that she should go any where without her; not that Mrs. Knowell had a wish to go into company on her own account; oh no! she had much rather stop at home; at least she always said so, and who dare doubt a lady's word.—A pause now ensued; and Emmeline, longing, yet dreading to look into the paper that now arrived, kept holding it irresolutely in her hand;—a dimness came over her eyes;—she started up for a glass of water, or she would have fainted;—irresolute at reading the returns, she would not even suffer herself to glance over the column, or her aunt to read it, when a child, a *protégée* of Mrs. Knowell's, entered the room. "Oh! Ma'am," said the urchin, "every body is going to light up. May I sit up to see the lights? Richard has bought some fireworks; we are to have such fun and such rejoicings!" "Such rejoicing!" murmured Emmeline. "Where are the widows and orphans? Are not our great men fearful they will be pursued by the complaints of the wretched relicts? Will not the air resound with the cries of—Give me my husband; give this child his father!" Mrs. Knowell became extremely *fidgetty* for a sight of this paper, when the name of her lover struck the sight of Emmeline. She uttered a shriek, and fell upon the floor! All the house was thrown into confusion; the usual remedies were resorted to.—Mrs. Knowell caught up the paper; and among the killed

too visibly saw the following words—Lt. Hector Osborne, of the 39th, wounded severely; since dead,—and—she would have given the world that what she had before so fervently hoped had not now arrived. Medical aid was also administered to the distracted fair one; fit succeeded fit; when a thundering rap was heard at the door, and Belford, the friend of Osborne, entered the room; he had also heard the dreadful news; for a week before distressing reports had kept him in agitation; he had not dared trust himself with a visit to Mrs. Knowell's, lest the enquiring eyes of Emmeline should search out some anticipated ill news.

On the report of the loss of his friend, he summoned resolution to go to Berkley-street; but he was too late: severely did he censure them for suffering details of this sanguinary battle to enter their house. He was ushered into the room from the zeal of the servants, where Emmeline was a statue fixed in despair. Her tears were stopped;—her fevered eye-balls were fixed on vacuity;—she viewed him with curious gaze;—she suffered him to take her hand in his, while his eyes, struggling with manly tears, essayed in vain to administer comfort. For two days, the stricken Emmeline was doomed to encounter the blaze of rejoicing; the tumultuous din of the mob reached even her inner chamber; reckless of the thousands that were more miserable, they were only intent on their present gratifications. On the third day, a medical practitioner declared her fever had much increased; that her mental system was materially injured;—she had consented to take to her bed;—a placid, yet heart rending smile played about her lips;—she took no sustenance;—apprehensions were now seriously entertained for her life;—when a stranger entered her room in a horseman's coat.—It was her Hector! whom a Gazette, in haste, had buried with the dead.—He barely arrived in time to save the life he valued; but he was in time; and Emmeline was soon restored to happiness.

THE TRIBUNAL OF MANNERS.

If every indiscreet and unfaithful man were punished like the hero of the subjoined narrative of a curious adventure, peculiarly characteristic of the French nation, which took place in Paris a few years since,—it is probable, their number would not be so considerable as at present.

The Marquis de *** was one of those agreeable bad subjects, or libertines, who have been qualified by the singular denomination of *Roués de Cour*: he would have thought it dishonourable to pay his debts, and to have the same mistress eight days together; but these were not the worst of his faults; he had a malignant satisfaction in boasting of favours received, and ruining the reputation of women who had resisted him. A lady of distinction, whom he had taken the liberty of traducing, determined to be revenged; and, at the same time, to correct his base propensity, if possible. One night, as he was rapidly crossing La Place Louis XV. in his light and lofty cabriolet, he was surrounded by twelve masked horsemen, who signified, that he must suffer himself to be conducted, without the least opposition, or he would be assassinated. The Marquis imagined, that it was an affair of love; the adventure was so singular, that his mind was filled with a thousand delicious ideas, and he consented to every thing they required. One of the chevaliers placed himself by his side, and seized the reins of his chariot; the others ranged themselves on the right and on the left; and they departed in full speed. After having driven furiously for two hours, they arrived at an ancient castle, with turrets, parapets, and a draw-bridge. What was the surprise of our *beau*, who expected to be introduced to a beautiful woman, and a magnificent apartment,

lighted with many wax tapers,—to find a table sumptuously served, and to pass the night in a voluptuous bed, What must have been his surprise, when he saw himself shut up in a large and filthy room, lighted with the pale rays of a lamp, which scarcely enabled him to discern a miserable bed, a straw seat, and a deal table, with a death's head. In an instant, the noise of bolts and keys announced that some one was coming to visit him: he saw a man of a mean appearance enter, who, putting a piece of brown bread and a pitcher of water on the ground, said to him, as he withdrew, in a dreadful tone of voice,—“ Take care of your conscience !” The next day, men, armed with sabres, appeared, and made signs to him to follow. He thought the jest at its height, was about to be ended; and that a happy contrast would suddenly await him in the enjoyment of the most agreeable objects; but his astonishment was increased, when, after having traversed a suit of vast apartments, he was conducted to a great hall, which looked like a court of judicature; with persons of magisterial aspect, seated round. He was ordered to sit upon a seat used by culprits; whilst he whom he supposed to personate the jailor, or keeper, gravely read divers charges against the prisoner; they consisted of dissipations of wealth, follies of every kind, debts not acquitted, occasioning the despair, or ruin, of several families; and a detail of the perfidies that the Marquis had been guilty of towards the fair sex; his infidelities; his indiscreet confidences, and his impudent and flagrant aspersions of many virtuous women.

After the enumeration of his crimes had been read, the President ordered the Marquis to justify himself, if he could. “ I presume,” answered he, “ that the whole of this suit is nothing more than pure *badinage*; for I have never heard of the existence of your tribunal, which assumes the right of enquiring into manners and private life.” “ Know,” said the President, “ that all these

proceedings are very serious ; and that if you continue silent, justice must take its course ; and the prosecution being completely ended, you will risk the loss of your head." The Marquis, to be quickly freed from this dilemma, undertook to defend his irregularities, and passed very lightly over the grievances of which he was accused, as having become necessary evils, from use and fashion, in our intercourse with society.

The Judges frowned at this capricious panegyric ; and, without reply, ordered the accused to be led back to his dungeon : where he was treated as hardly as at his arrival ; and kept in abstinence till the next day ; when they attended him with the same ceremonies as at first. In crossing the court, he was agitated at the sight of a scaffold, covered with black, and sighed to behold the place in which the judges were assembled decorated with mournful tapestry. A guard, with an inauspicious air, and vigorous arm, compelled him to kneel down, and the keeper read his sentence, which, in substance, was " That in consequence of various complaints, and proofs given, by several respectable ladies, of his having made a jest of dishonouring families, and calumniated the characters of virtuous women to whom he was scarcely known, the Marquis de *** is condemned to have his head severed from his body."

At hearing this read, the little firmness of the Marquis forsook him :—he first endeavoured to shake his Judges by threats, and after to move them by entreaties. They permitted him to say whatever he wished ; and then conducted him to a small chapel, where a priest performed the mournful duty of preparing him for death. In an hour, an attendant announced, that the fatal moment was approaching ; the criminal, more dead than alive, crawled towards the scaffold ; when he had ascended, the executioner, with an ill-favoured look, flourished the axe that was to deprive him of life, and fastened a bandage over his eyes. The fatal axe was suspended

over his head, and the mortal blow was upon the point of being struck, when a voice cried—*Pardon!* The poor Marquis was transported, almost lifeless, into a tolerably furnished chamber, placed upon a bed; and, with rich restoratives, and good nourishment, soon recovered.

On the night of the twelfth day, the terrible keeper appeared again, and read a new sentence; in which it was declared, that the Tribunal of Manners granted him his Pardon for this time only, and enjoined him to be more circumspect in future. After giving him a copy of this sentence, he was at midnight placed in his cabriolet; the same masked horsemen surrounded him, and did not take leave of him till they arrived at La Place Louis XV.

The Marquis, seriously alarmed at this adventure, and fearing lest a continuance in his past follies might be attended with direful consequences, entirely changed his course of life, and was as wise and reasonable as he had before been inconsiderate. His friends, astonished at the regularity of his conduct, bantered him in vain; they were always ignorant of the cause, and were often tempted to believe him mad, when they heard him say, gravely,—that Infidelity and Indiscretion were very serious crimes, which might sometimes endanger, and often occasion the loss of existence.

MODESTY.

Modesty is a very convenient veil to hide from the most enlightened persons things which we wish to keep secret: modest persons, in some sort, resemble certain rivers, which roll under ground; they hide themselves from the eyes of the world; they have the same address in concealing their good qualities which vain persons have in displaying their's.

THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE,

BY H. FINN.

Continued from p. 25.

LETTER IX.

ALBERT TO ULRIC.

I HASTEN to resume my narrative; for 't is the heaven of memory, when love recurs to that blessed hour from which love dates its birth. With the solicitude of a being who witnesses the departure of a beloved and loving parent to an immaterial world, I gazed upon her matchless features; breathless; fearful by respiration to waft back the light of life, or break the brittle bond that bound the soul so partially to its heavenly frame. A new and nameless pleasure ran along my veins, as the separation of her eyes' soft lash disclosed its dark and sparkling orb, beaming intelligence. Her first glances were directed to me; and as my eyes exchanged them, I felt, for the first moment in my life, the first sensation in affection's list; her slightest movement excited my interest, and regulated each subjected impulse. Ulric, *I loved!* but Oh! *you* cannot know the import of that word; the thousand thoughts it generates, the thousand fears, hopes, pains, joys, and other passions, that partake of half their nature, or are doubly felt, how few are competent to describe what many feel! How widely different are the emotions that I experience from those you taught me to believe were the sure indications of love, the certain result! How often have I heard you say, "My friend, the passion of love is dependent on the judgement; is actuated by an idea neither strong, nor sudden, and progressively attains the happiness it seeks: it can only be perfect where frequent, long, and acute observation have proved the disposition

of its object; and found its worthiness. That congeniality of mind in its dislikings, or approval, constitute a strong criterion of future happiness. That a knowledge should be gained by a nice discrimination of the latent predilections of each other, &c." The language of the school, my friend; where love is known but by its name; the theory of stoicism; the creed of guessing cold philosophy. How has the casual introduction of two hearts together, a momentary glance, transient as the lightening, yet fatal as its fire, destroyed the dull sophisticated learning of an age. Give to my passion the name of madness, I will adopt it. Take but from love his wild and 'witching character, you take the charm which he bestows; and passive reason drags the heart from circling magic paths, to plod along the way where all men herd, and lose 'mongst the throng each noble attribute, each mean, of true felicity. But you probably will say—"All these sensations may arise from a too acute feeling of *pity*; an innate idea by no means dependant on external impressions; or capable of being created, or extinguished, in the breast of sensibility; although it may be revived, or excluded, from the view." But *pity* is not active; its modifications are subservient to the local appearance of its cause, or the removal. We feel commiseration for the offspring of sorrow, penury, and persecution; but, when the heart has discharged its duty by administering aid, intellectually or otherwise, and received the gratification attendant upon the performance of a good, our *pity* is in part obliterated; and by mitigating completely the woe, the feeling flies, and returns not till a similar circumstance compels it. But were the object of my adoration far as the tepid Indies, her sighs would sound in quick imagination's ear. A truce with causes, when the evident effect is Love.

But to my recital.—Whilst reanimation was imparting to the unknown female, I obtained a knowledge of the incidents that were precursors to her present situation, from the seamen who had alike escaped a watery se-

pulchre. Towards sun-set of the same day, as their vessel lay anchored nigh the shore on the opposite side of the lake, a party, consisting of two men and the female, hailed them, and proffered a considerable sum for conveyance across the lake. The strangers seemed persons of rank, and evidently in great haste to commence their short voyage; but scarcely had their sails been hoisted, ere the wind began to rage. You know the frequency and sudden nature of tempests in mountainous climes. No exertions could prevent the fate of the vessel, and they were cast upon the shore near the hovel of Pierre; who had rendered every aid, and with success, as but one of the company was missing. The two strangers who had engaged the vessel, were conveyed first to the hut; but soon recovering, they exchanged their garments for some which Pierre had procured, assigning an obvious reason for the measure, "that they were fearful of the consequences, should they remain in wet habiliments." On pretence of assisting their fellow sufferers, they disappeared from the hovel; nor had they since returned. 'Twas palpable the mysterious men I had encountered in the cavern were the persons here alluded to; their desertion of the female, who must have been connected by some ties with them, their abandoning the hut, their obscure conversation, all served only to involve my conjectures in double perplexity. Each thought of them was quickly discarded, when I recurred to the female, and every faculty capable of employment was monopolized to obey her tacit mandates. Hoping rest might restore her debilitated form to its natural health, I ventured to suggest the necessity of repose; when Pierre interrupted me by stating the unfitness of his hovel for accommodation of any kind; having no apartment, save the one now occupied by ourselves, and the liability of interruption; but observing at the same time, that could we convey her to the Abbey of St. Augustine, situated not half a league from the shore, every comfort might be procured that her

feeble state required. Dreading to behold her exposed to the rude gaze of men, whose minds held delicacy superfluous, the alternative was readily adopted: with a half-reluctant look of lovely modesty, and a few expressions of gratitude to her preservers, she consented to accompany myself and Pierre towards the Abbey. We sallied forth; the storm had subsided; and as we left the hovel, the gentle wind wafted an echo from the abbey bell, that told the first dark hour of morning. Supported by myself on Pierre, and resting at intervals, the female added interest to our progress, not only by her presence, but by joining in the discussion of topics relative to preceding events. Her words were combinations of truth, sense, and refined reason; yet no allusion was hazarded by her to the disappearance of her late companions. A delicate fear to trifle with feeling prevented my mention of them, and after some fatigue, we gained the Abbey gates. Pierre, who was the brotherhood's purveyor in the article of fish, soon summoned the porter, and communicated briefly the cause of our visit. After our solicitation had been conveyed to the prior, and received his sanction, we entered the venerable mansion. The monks were summoned, and welcome, hospitality, and piety, greeted our arrival. An apartment was prepared for the unknown female; and as I pressed her passive fingers to my lip, the preliminary to our parting, she softly whispered—"I would remember you; your name, good stranger?" "'Tis Albert, lovely one," I replied; "*you*, whilst life to me is memory, I never can forget; yet I would dwell upon each letter that composes *your* dear name with tears, or smiles, when solitude shall tell me you are absent, or in your absence that you think on me." "Let not your thoughts condemn me, generous Albert, if I cannot venture to disclose my name: think what potent reasons now compel me to concealment, when I must refuse my life's preserver."

(To be continued.)

Cursory Thoughts on different Subjects.

C E N S U R E.

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

SHAKSPEARE.

NOTHING shews the malign propensity of mankind so forcibly as the eagerness discovered by one man in prying and searching into the erroneous conduct of another; and the satisfaction he betrays in detailing any discreditable action. This exultation doubtless arises from his own imaginary superiority;—I say *imaginary*; for the same passions, with more or less strength, are implanted in the breast of every human being; and education, or fortuitous circumstances, make all the shades of difference to be found in every individual character. If this be admitted, how shall we distinguish what is called *Vice* in the individual from the *Errors* of his education, or the mismanagement of those who had the charge of his youth? What shall we say to those who would set themselves up as Censors, when they are, in all likelihood, more indebted to the care and attention of their friends, or instructors, for the propriety of their conduct, than to their own exertions? Besides, we rarely have sufficient information concerning any character, except those with whom we are in habits of intimacy, to form a correct opinion of the manner in which the passions may have been operated upon; and the proverb, I fear, is too often verified, which says—

Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim.

In our eagerness to avoid one evil, we fall into a greater. In almost every offence, whether against the laws, or decorum, of society, the degree, and circumstances, of each particular case are so highly varied, that we do well to suspend our judgement in most, if not all, of them.

For instance, though the Law does not discriminate, in the eye of Justice, Reason, and Humanity, there is a wide difference between the crime of an individual who lives in habitual and premeditated vice, and that of him who, under peculiar circumstances, in a fit of desperation, and in a state of mind bordering upon insanity, is hurried away by the excess of his passions to commit an act which, in his calmer moments, is perfectly revolting to his feelings; and who, perhaps, is so far lowered in his own esteem as to set comparatively little or no value upon the remainder of his existence.

But who are these Censors—these self-created Judges? Will *their* characters bear a minute and scrupulous examination? Have they not committed offences which never met the public eye? Is not their virtue deceptive, imaginary, or assumed? Can they with truth affirm, that they have never been tempted to do wrong?—that they have never done a single action which they would not wish to hide from the world?—or, that their greatest merit does not consist more in the absence of temptation than in their own strength to resist it?—If they cannot, in the comparison between the object censured and the object censuring, the preference rests solely on a trifling distinction—The *crime*, or *disposition to evil*, in one man is *concealed*, or lies inert for want of occasion; while that of the other is exposed from having been brought into action.

Every offence is aggravated by its probable consequences,—the contaminating influence of bad example; but, I apprehend, more mischief accrues to society by a mistaken zeal on one hand, and a malevolent disposition on the other, in propagating evil reports, and spreading the contagion of example, than could possibly accrue, were such example allowed to sink into oblivion, or to be confined to its own narrow sphere; where its influence might be more easily counteracted.

I do not mean to confound the distinctions of Virtue

and Vice;—but I contend they are terms not well understood, and that many of us give ourselves credit for virtues we do not possess, and lay claim to distinctions we by no means merit.

I would not advocate the cause of Crime; but I have a sincere desire to remove undue prejudices, and to be the Advocate of the Unfortunate. ANON.

Nov. 15th, 1813.

I N T E G R I T Y.

“To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.”

SHAKSPEARE.

FEW men will undertake the important task of correcting their faults, amending their lives, and improving their characters; most are contented with the appearance of integrity; they take more pains to disguise than to rectify their vices and bad qualities; and wish to have the honour and reputation of virtue without the labour and merit of acquiring incorruptible principles. We do not give ourselves the trouble of being honest men, we only endeavour to appear honest: artifice and disguise supply the want of true virtue; and those who are the most skilful in deceiving others are reputed to be the most deserving; though, in their hearts, they are devoid of every principle of probity.—These men resemble Comedians, who, in masking themselves, assume and personate various characters foreign to their natural feelings and habits, and adapt their dress to the different parts they have to sustain:—this is the policy of knaves, whose greatest ingenuity is employed in concealing their true characters, and disguising their real sentiments, in order to impose upon the world, who believe them honest, although their honesty be only grimace.—How were the public deceived by the manners and exterior deportment of Aspectus! they were so strongly prepossessed in his favour, it would still have been doubted whether he was a knave or not, had he not committed an act of bankruptcy which involved a

great number of unfortunate persons. Every one was so well persuaded of his honour, his probity, and the good state of his affairs, that large sums were confided to him on his word alone; but, alas! this confidence was soon shaken, and this opinion suddenly changed, after the *éclat* of his embarrassment.

ANON.

FALSE BENEVOLENCE.

How many persons perform acts of benevolence solely from pride, or ostentation! It is surprising, that the professions of humanity which are every day heard, and exist more in words than in the heart, should not have become a subject for the talents of a dramatic writer, under the title of False Benevolence. We select a trait that will serve for an excellent scene in this drama; which the actual state of our manners and feelings seem to require. A gentleman, taking his morning's walk, saw a pale and disfigured woman, with a child in her arms, who, bursting into tears, solicited alms of him. "Alas!" said this unfortunate being, "I implore your pity less for myself than for my husband, whom a palsy has deprived of the power of working. Do but cast your eyes upon him." The gentleman beheld, at the entrance of an alley, a young man laying upon straw, disabled in all his limbs; and felt affected at his helpless condition;—he drew his purse, filled with gold, and searched for silver.—At this sight, a ray of hope beamed on the livid countenance of the poor woman; and she blessed the benefactor that heaven had sent: but the gentleman, finding only gold in his purse, gave nothing to her relief, and walked away with indifference. The same day, after dinner, he attended a brilliant circle at the Duchess de ———'s: this lady spoke of a foreign virtuoso, who was rather unfortunate, and for whom she was going to open a subscription; the gentleman expressed a wish to become one of the first to contribute to this noble action, and gave the Duchess ten guineas.—The gentleman's extreme benevolence was praised to the skies!

ANON.

SINGULAR ADVENTURE at a MASQUERADE.

IN an immense metropolis, like London, or Paris, the various conditions of life are frequently confounded; and in the promenades, at the theatres, public spectacles, and masquerades, the wife of an humble artisan may elbow a woman of rank, and the tradesman's clerk eclipse a peer of the realm.

An attorney's clerk, being at an Opera Ball, or Masquerade, in Paris, remarked a female mask, in a domino, whose eyes, and turn of figure, announced a very pretty woman; he followed her; entered into conversation with her; and at length obtained a promise of a rendezvous in the same place for the next ball. He failed not in his appointment, and had the happiness of meeting the lady; but always masked, in a domino. He employed nearly all this night in making love, and entreating her to remove the vexatious cloud which concealed from his sight a part of her adorable person. She promised him, that his wishes should be gratified at the next ball. A short time after, two gentlemen entered the study in which he was employed, for the copy of a judicial act; and who, while waiting till it should be engrossed, conversed about the last Opera Ball: in their description of several masks, they spoke of Madame la Duchess d' O****, and so well designated the disguise in which she had appeared, and the mask which had so long kept her company, that the Attorney's Clerk knew his illustrious conquest; and that, without recognising him, they were speaking of himself; he now comprehended that this Princess had been making a jest of his passion; which she had excited only for her amusement. He dissembled his mortification, and, when he was at liberty, composed three couplets for a song, worthy of the best French poet, which he slipped

into the hand of the Princess when he met her at the next ball, agreeable to her promise ; and immediately afterwards disappeared in the crowd.

*Chanson, à Madame la Duchesse d' O****.*

Quoi ! j'aurois pu vous amuser,
Adorable Princesse !
Que ne puis-je me déguiser,
Pour vous parler sans cesse !
Tout mon esprit est dans vos yeux ;
Le bonheur de vous plaire
A mis deux fois au rang des Dieux
Un mortel téméraire.

Si j'ai pu vous inquiéter,
Pardonnez mon audace ;
Mon respect a dû mériter
Que vous me fassiez grâce.
Mon crime fat-il des plus grands,
Mon repentir l'efface,
Et le culte que je vous rends,
Me remet en ma place.

Hélas ! cette nuit va finir
Ma brillante aventure :
De mon bonheur le souvenir
Va faire ma torture.
Je vous verrai, fille des Dieux,
Au séjour du tonnerre :
Vous allez monter dans les cieux ;
Je reste sur la terre.

The Princess was delighted with these Stanzas, and having learnt who their author was, she interested herself in his fortune, and procured him a very lucrative office, which enabled him to form an advantageous matrimonial alliance.

HARRIET;

OR, THE NOVICE;

A CAUTIONARY TALE, FOUNDED UPON FACTS.

Continued from page 39.

Petersham now began to think with pain, that Harriet thought only of him, and of an everlasting attachment; and though he felt his vanity in a small degree gratified, yet he lamented that the few trifling attentions which he had paid her should have so far involved himself.

Petersham's address was written in the 'Beauties of Love,' a selection of Sonnets of the Rosa Matilda school, which he had presented to her; and he was to write to her, under cover to the servant; who was to be the hand-maid of their future wishes. These preliminaries being settled, the fatal hour arrived; and Harriet, somewhat comforted by Lady Carruthers' promising to introduce Petersham to her mother, at length consented to be handed into the carriage, which was ordered to drive to Upper Berkley-street. Harriet's vivacity began to return at the sight of her mother's roof; and all her old affection rushed into her bosom:—she let herself out of the chariot before the footman could descend, and the door being opened by her dear domestic Hannah, who had been watching for her at the window, she soon found herself in the arms of Mrs. Seabright; though not, alas! without one dire misfortune, that of overturning Miss Cora, who had run out to welcome her young mistress, but who, from the yelping she now made, had ample reason to repent the warmth of her friendship. Mrs. Seabright chid her daughter for her madness, as she termed it; and was preparing to welcome her guests, when Petersham and Lady Carruthers entered the room. Whoever has any idea of the confusion of tongues which prevented the building of

Babel, may form a tolerable one of the rattle which ensued; yet scarcely could a word be distinguished, except "my dear Lady Carruthers," and "my dear Mrs. Seabright," till the hour for the toilet arrived; they then left Capt. Petersham, whom they had introduced to Capt. Martin, to discuss the whole merit of the last promotion; the merits of Miss Stephens, and the new state of the political horizon.

As the time kept approaching for the departure of Petersham and Lady Carruthers, Harriet's vivacity began to flag; and when Lady Carruthers' carriage was sung out, she took an unperceived farewell of her only thoughts, and left the room; she did not, however, as yet retire to vent her sorrows; but ascended her chamber, and posted herself at the open window, from whence she could regard the departure of Petersham with impunity. When they were preparing to enter the carriage, instinct, we presume, raised the eyes of Petersham to where his Juliet was posted; and they continued their melo-drame, until a turning from Berkley-street prevented the view of each other:—he then sunk sulkily into the corner of the carriage; and, spite of the raillery of Lady Carruthers, refused to make himself in the least agreeable.

On handing her Ladyship into her drawing-room, he still found her a *dreadful nuisance*; the rooms exhibited a solemn sadness, and his heart did for a moment acknowledge the vacuity it felt at the loss of his little Euphrosyne; and he departed; but what is very extraordinary, although Petersham had parted from Harriet, and although he was determined to walk home to his lodgings alone, no convulsion of nature took place; it neither thundered, nor lightened; on the contrary, what is still more *nouvel* in this country, the moon shone very bright, and appeared to the eye nearly round. Sorry are we that we cannot entertain our readers with an earthquake, or a tempest; but never having the pleasure of being introduced to the sage Ladies of Lapland, who

deal in winds and tornadoes, and weigh out storms to their customers, Petersham must be content to pedestri-
nate like other people, without a wet skin; and, for
the present, he debarred the supreme felicity of wit-
nessing the jarring elements. He did then arrive at
his lodgings, *sans* adventure; he threw himself into a
chair; he unfastened the garter of one boot; was ex-
tremely peevish with his valet; rubbed his eyes; swore
the candles were infamous; asked if his brown mare
had been shod; enquired for letters; and, after dis-
missing his rascal, and remaining for some time in-
active, he fancied he was inspired; he seized a pen;
nibbed it; and, after no little trouble, produced some-
thing in the following form:—

TO HARRIET.

Adieu to the joys of my life!

Adieu to contentment and ease!

Adieu to my Harriet's sweet voice!

Whose every intent was to please!

May the thorn that I've placed in her breast

Soon produce the sweet roses of joy;

May one worthier partake of her love,

And return it without an alloy.

Farewell! then, dear Harriet, I go;

At my absence, oh! never repine;

Should your happiness be but complete,

It will prove a sweet solace to mine.

PETERSHAM.

This sublime composition, he placed in his pocket
book; as well satisfied as ever was Walter Scott for
the effusions of his brain; he then wound up his
watch; and retired not altogether satisfied with the
finale of his adventure, or at all inclined to further
literary exertion.

CHAP. VIII.

The Anxieties of Love ; Cupid at a Boarding School.

We shall now return to Harriet, who, left entirely to her own thoughts, found something very uneasy about her young heart ; she became a prey to those sensations which the wisest of us feel on being torn from those we love ; her mother, it is true, perceived the chagrin of her daughter ; but as *she* was not in the habit of thinking very intensely, she did not give herself even the trouble to guess the cause ; not so her friend the Captain, he was an old stager in love's highways, and too well understood the language of the eyes, not to detect Harriet on Petersham's departure ; and would have rallied her most severely, in revenge for her treatment of him, for whom she bore the most inveterate dislike ; but Mrs. Scabright, as we have before hinted, not a little jealous of her daughter's attractions, stopt him short with the common expression, " Don't put nonsensical ideas into the child's head : " the term child was now resented by Harriet, since her return from Lady Carruther's ; and she never failed answering her mother with " La, Ma'am, I am seventeen. " Any further remark was, however, prevented by her being once more sent to boarding school.

But what a change for this poor child did school exhibit, after the caresses of one of the other sex, to whom she looked as the only object worth living for ; instead of the little gay, artless child, who frolicked from morn till night, who returned equally pleased to her studies, or amusements, the former became irksome and uninteresting, while the time that had been usually occupied in the latter was spent in drawing comparisons between her once happy life and her now extreme misery. Her little companions, who used to flutter round her, who once partook of her joys, and

were obliged by her commands, were now totally unheeded; all their little kindnesses were unnoticed, and their attentions repulsed with severity; in short, from being the life and soul of the whole school, she was now as much the reverse; she became unbearably cross and irritable, a torment to herself, and a nuisance to those about her. What added not a little to her chagrin, were some few thoughts, which would sometimes intrude, that her conduct had not been quite so delicate as she could have wished it; and jealousy would often whisper in her ear, that Petersham, now left to himself, might neglect the love she bore for him from the facility with which he had gained it; at least, she had read of such things, and her little bosom, which but a few weeks before was the dwelling of peace, now became the residence of many a baleful passion. In vain she flew for relief from her sorrows to the consoling balm of friendship, by pouring them into the ear of her friend, Maria Thomas: this young lady, blessed with parents who were well aware of the propriety of bringing up a daughter so as to become an ornament to society, were as careful of their charge as poor Harriet's were the contrary; they had imprinted in her young mind every idea of feminine honour, and female delicacy, which her conduct now fully evinced. "To begin a correspondence with a man, my dear Harriet," would she say, "one who has ever scarcely done more than pay you a few silly compliments, to which we are all but too apt to attend, is a conduct I never can approve. If you persist, I should be sorry to lose you as a friend, but depend on it, Miss Seabright, 'twill much lessen you in my esteem." Nettled at what her friend said of being paid only a few silly compliments, and highly displeased at an opinion so foreign to her own, and to what she wished, she reproached her friend for envy and coldness; but her natural good temper, getting the better of her resentment,

she burst into tears. "Oh! you know not, my dear Maria," said she sobbing, "how tenderly, how respectfully he behaved; so delicate, so ———." "Ah! dearest Harriet, I am well aware, that when a man has found favour in our eyes, how willing we are to allow him every perfection; those, I confess,—those you have enumerated are only what you had a right to expect. Sure no man dares behave to you otherways. We may, by our conduct, make them what we choose; at least with regard to their behaviour towards us; but to shew you that I am born with all the feelings of our sex, I tell you, in confidence, you must not breathe it to your pillow,—promise me this." "Oh, yes," said Harriet, brushing off her tears, and drawing closer to her friend. "Well then; but hark! is there no one who can hear us?" "No," said Harriet peevishly; fearing, it might not be a love affair. "Well then," continued Maria, "since our parting, I have contracted an esteem for one of the other sex, which I have the vanity to believe is mutual." "Well," said Harriet, her eyes sparkling with delight at this discovery, hoping that the cold conscientious Maria, now in love as well as herself, would no longer harshly censure her conduct, but would act just as sillily as she did. Poor Harriet's hopes were, however, quickly damped on her friend's proceeding in her story. "But I am assured, in the present situation of circumstances, he would not dare to exact such a thing as an epistolary correspondence, although my affair is in a great measure sanctioned by my parents."—Harriet reddened. "Besides, what do you know of this Petersham?" continued she, "of his family or connections? nothing. May he not, under the semblance of honour, hide a heart capable of the basest ingratitude? May not your letter, supposing for a moment you were weak enough to write one, become his ridicule? the laugh and joke of his inebriated companions? among whom you may become

a toast, given at the same table with the most imprudent and worthless of our sex." "Oh! forbear," cried Harriet, "what a picture have you drawn! I will not write to him then; indeed I will not; continue to me but your friendship, and I will obey you in every thing; though, I fear, in so doing 'twill break my heart." "My friendship, you shall ever command, while you endeavour to deserve it; but come," added she, kissing Harriet's cheek; "quiet your anxiety, and let us go to rest; Ma'mselle will wonder at our stay. Dry up your tears; if Petersham has that real regard for you you say, your silence will alarm him; he will either write, or come to see you." This was too pleasing an idea for Harriet not to cherish; and she embraced her dear Maria for so kind an insinuation. "Come, come; leave it at least for a day or two," added her friend, and having concluded this conversation they retired to undress.

To be continued.

PAUCITY OF IDEAS.

Nothing new is said; nothing new is thought; the same conversation is always occurring. We know before hand what answer will be made. It is displeasing to see the little circle of thoughts with which we are surrounded; wherefore, in dissatisfaction, I conceive that we may form the resolution of not uttering a single word.

THE PASSIONS.

The passions depend upon the life we lead, and the state in which we are placed. If Charles the XII. had been born in the most obscure station of life what would he have done with his passion for war?

AMIALE ERRORS ;

OR,

HOW TO MAKE A HUSBAND MISERABLE.

Wedlock's "a sea, whence storms must rise ;
'Tis folly talks of cloudless skies."

"CONGRATULATE me, my dear Caroline," said the delighted Marian to her friend ; " every thing is at length satisfactorily arranged, and I am to give my hand to Lovemore this day week : I shall be the happiest of women !" " I sincerely hope so," replied Caroline ; but she made this response with such an air of gravity, that any uninterested auditor would have imagined, it was a consequence more to be wished than expected. Marian, however, made no such observation ; but gaily continued, " My father is to give me a thousand pounds ; little enough to be sure ; but it is all he is disposed to part with at present ; and Lovemore is too disinterested to care about it ; indeed, Caroline, he is the most amiable creature existing." " Far be it from me," replied Caroline, " to insinuate any thing to the disadvantage of Mr. Lovemore ; I have the highest opinion of his merits ; but I would caution you, my dear Marian, against one error, to which I must candidly own I consider you too frequently prone ; it is that of being too enthusiastic in your attachments ; and, perhaps, I may with equal justice add, too sanguine in your expectations. How long have you known Mr. Lovemore !" " Just four months," returned Marian, smiling. " And in that time do you think you have had sufficient opportunity of discovering his real temper and disposition ? for as

much depends upon that as upon his moral character; which I know to be unexceptionable. "I know that he loves me most ardently," said Marian, with a look of exultation; and knowing that, all other considerations are of little importance." "Pray heaven, you may find it so!" ejaculated her friend; and the subject, as if by mutual consent, was dropped. They soon after parted; and as Caroline was going to visit some relations in the West of England, she requested her friend to be punctual in her correspondence, and not fail to make her a participator in her felicity; this Marian faithfully promised. "But observe, my love," said the prudent Caroline, "I do not ask to be made the confidante of every little domestic secret; between the happiest married pair, I believe some trivial differences will arise; in which the slightest interference of a third person, either in the shape of condolence or advice, usually does more harm than good." "You need not fear," cried Marian, "no such differences will arise between us; we love each other too well." Caroline smiled, and affectionately pressing the hand of Marian, only said—"However, remember my injunction."

Marian was just eighteen years of age, amiable, sensible, and engaging; she was not accomplished, in the modern sense of the word; but she could play tolerably well on the piano, or harp; dance with ease and vivacity, and sing with a voice that afforded her auditors more pleasure than astonishment. Her countenance was agreeable and animated; but not handsome; and her figure, though not conspicuously elegant, was in no particular point defective. Sincerity and affection reigned in her heart, a heart which had never throbbed with emotion for any man but Lovemore, who knew how to estimate the real worth of her character, and felt for her the most honorable, pure, and permanent affection. Of Lovemore himself, it may now be necessary to say a few words; his exterior advantages were such as to ensure him the admiration of

the ladies; his circumstances were easy, but not affluent; his manners rather gay than grave; and his morals strictly correct; with such advantages on both sides, who could doubt that their union would not be attended with unalloyed felicity? Yet one there was who did secretly hazard a doubt on the subject; and we shall see how far the forebodings of Caroline were justified.

The marriage ceremony took place at the appointed time, and, as is usual on such occasions, the happy couple had no sooner breakfasted than they stepped into a post-chaise, and were whirled, with joyous velocity, to Richmond, or some other rural romantic place of resort; from whence, after a few days' seclusion, the newly made pair returned to receive the congratulatory visits of their acquaintances. Among these, was a young lady who had been educated at the same school with Marian; and for whom she entertained a regard little short of friendship. Miss Pomeroy was indeed the sort of girl calculated to gain the good will of her own sex; while she invariably drew the admiration of the other; for with a great share of personal attraction, she was wholly exempt from vanity; and while highly accomplished, valued herself so little on her attainments, that the display of them was never attempted, nor the least shadow of affectation visible in her behaviour. This young lady received a pressing invitation to spend a few weeks with Marian, which she accepted with pleasure, and exerted all her agreeable talents to amuse and oblige her friends. Lovemore was a passionate admirer of music, in which Miss Pomeroy had attained great proficiency; and when, after listening with delight to some charming pieces most brilliantly executed, he burst into exclamations of pleasure, a shade of discontent passed over the brow of Mrs. Lovemore, in the consciousness that it was not in her power to afford him a similar gratification. Still Lovemore gave her too frequent proofs of his ardent attachment to admit

of her feeling any symptom of jealousy; yet, with a sensation almost indefinable to herself, she felt something like pleasure when the fascinating Miss Pomeroy's visit ended. The round of dissipation in which they had engaged during a few weeks, was also terminated, and Marian had now to study only the disposition of her husband, and render home agreeable to him without any adventitious aid. This she would have found no difficult task, had she not unluckily imbibed a wrong idea; and, by an overstrained anxiety to please, defeated her own purpose. Observing the admiration with which Lovemore had listened to Miss Pomeroy's performance, she threw aside with disdain the simple melodies with which she once attempted to amuse him, and passed whole hours every morning at the piano; attempting lessons which she found she never could execute even to her own satisfaction. "For heaven's sake! my dear Marian," said her husband to her one day, "give my ears a respite; the eternal jingle of that instrument is enough to bewilder one's ideas." "I thought you could listen to music for ever, Lovemore?" observed Marian rather reproachfully: he smiled. "I am certainly very fond of *music*, my love; but I have a very great aversion to *noise*; and the perpetual din occasioned by practising, is the most annoying thing I know." "Yet you were delighted with Julia Pomeroy's playing; and she assures me I can never attain the proficiency I desire without devoting many hours in the day to study and practice." "Then I would much rather you should never be proficient, if I am to be an auditor," returned Lovemore. Marian was piqued; but said no more at that time. A few days after this, Lovemore brought his wife the music of a new and popular ballad, which he knew she was capable of playing with taste and expression. "This pleased me much when I heard Mrs. Bland sing it," said he; "suppose you try it." "Not I, indeed," returned she, "I cannot play like Miss Pomeroy; and

the din of practice annoys you." This was said half jestingly ; but it was a jest which Lovemore did not at that moment fancy ; he therefore coolly threw it on the table ; saying only, " Please yourself," and Marian imagining, that he really did not wish to hear her, but had only brought it by way of making amends for having offended her, as coolly put it aside ; and talked on a variety of subjects, without hitting upon one which seemed to interest him. It unluckily happened on the same evening, that the servant brought up a box which the milliner had sent. " What is in it, Marian ?" asked Lovemore. " A new bonnet, that I bespoke yesterday," she replied, with a smile of meaning which induced him to ask to see it. She immediately drew it forth, with an air of exultation ; and putting it on, said gaily, " Do you not like it ?" " I cannot say that I do," he answered hesitatingly. " Why, my dear Mr. Lovemore, you are surely very capricious ; it is exactly like Mrs. Nesbit's, and you said you never saw any thing so elegant and becoming." " It is possible I might say, and think so too," replied Lovemore seriously ; " yet it certainly does not appear so upon you." " It is because I am your wife," returned Marian, with a tone of asperity, " that it has not the same effect ; but I find you are pleased with nothing that I do, or wear." Lovemore laughed at her petulance. " You are a silly girl," said he, " to suppose that you, who are so different from Mrs. Nesbit in figure and complexion, can look well in the same style of dress : believe me, Marian, imitation is the bane of taste and propriety ; so you must positively send that unbecoming bonnet back ; and have one in your own simple fashion."

Marian was mortified ; and continued sullen the remainder of the evening. These petty altercations, though trivial in their causes, and transient in their duration, by degrees jarred the harmony of their

domestic *têtes-à-têtes*; and laid the foundation of some more serious evils. Marian almost imperceptibly imbibed the idea that her husband was growing indifferent to her; and, for want of real grounds of accusation, grasped at imaginary ones.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHOICE OF FRIENDS.

We have never more want of discretion than in the choice of those with whom we wish to associate; the intercourse of most persons is tiresome, because it is ill assorted. In your first visit, do not open your heart, and confide secrets to associates whom you scarcely know; but if you have one discreet friend, whose probity you have ascertained, have no mysteries with him, rely upon his faith, and testify your entire confidence in him; if you wish to preserve it.

FILTERING WATER.

M. Alexander, of Bourdeaux, employs a simple method of filtering water—it consists in merely causing the liquid to pass through the capillary tubes of a piece of half-worn out cotton. It is well known that a skein of thread, or a riband, one end of which is put into a vessel, while the other hangs over the side, will very soon become a conductor of the liquid, which filters and runs off till the vessel is nearly empty. This experiment M. Alexander has applied on a larger scale to the purification of the water of the Garonne.

ANECDOTES

OF INTERESTING FEMALES.

NO. I.

MARGARET DESMOULINS.

A POOR female domestic, in Paris, gave a great example of benevolence, which procured her the price of the best action, decreed to virtue every year, by the French Academy; and deserved extraordinary proofs of public esteem and admiration.—The widow Herault, many years vendor of snuff, in the inclosure of the Abbey St. Germain, became poor and helpless at the age of seventy-five years, after having lived respectably, and well established two of her children. At length, not being able to pay her rent, she was under the necessity of leaving her shop; and had no home for shelter; even her children abandoned her: she would have been left to perish with hunger and cold, but for the kind disposition of a domestic, who had lived with her three-and-twenty years, and to whom she was indebted for fifteen years' wages. This excellent female, named Margaret Desmoulins, implored the charity of a neighbour to obtain an asylum for her mistress in a corner of his shop; where she continued her trade. As this was inconsiderable, and not always sufficient for the wants of her dear *protégée*, she tried to supply them by knitting and sewing work, or selling clothes. She even carried her generosity to the extent of refusing conditions offered to her for her services, because her mistress would no longer have any person to take care of her.—Ah! what recompence could this virtuous girl expect? She received not even the sentiment of gratitude; for the widow Herault, not in a state to appreciate the services she rendered her, often struck her in anger.—Do we not see true benevolence in the conduct of Margaret Desmoulins, which, in obliging, searches only the sweetness of doing a good action?

LA BLONDE.

The amiable character of another female domestic, equally deserving of esteem, is subjoined. We will not undertake to discuss whether her conduct was more praiseworthy than that just related, it suffices to observe that both appears admirable. For twenty years, a girl, named La Blonde, was in the service of M. Migeon, a furrier, in Saint Honoré Street, in Paris: this tradesman, being embarrassed in his affairs, was not deserted by his faithful servant, who remained at his house without receiving salary. Migeon, some years after, died at the Hotel-Dieu, leaving without the means of support a wife and two young children; but the estimable La Blonde continued to lavish upon them her aid; to support them, she expended fifteen hundred francs, the fruit of her labour, and two hundred livres of rent, from her small patrimony. From time to time, this worthy domestic was offered other situations, and she answered Who will take care of this family, if I desert them? At length, the widow Migeon, consumed with grief, fell ill; La Blonde, who had no more money, sold her linen, clothes, and all her effects; she passed her days in comforting her dying mistress; and at night went to take care of the sick, in order to have the means of relieving her wants. The widow Migeon died the 28th April, 1787. Some persons, under a pretence of charitable motives, then proposed to send the two children, left orphans, to the poor's house, but the generous La Blonde, indignant at this proposition, said, that at Ruol, her native country, her two hundred livres of rent would suffice for their subsistence and her own. Are there many persons in the world who can boast of so much benevolence as this simple domestic? Ah! should we not be tempted to conclude, from the two virtuous facts here recited, that the most exquisite sensibility, the most lively regard for the unfortunate, reign in the bosoms of the lowest classes of society.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

No. I. of THE REJECTED THEATRE, or a Collection of Dramas, which have been offered for Representation, but declined by the Managers of the Playhouses.—London: Henry Colburn, Conduit-street, Hanover Square. Price 2s. 6d.

THE avowed object of this publication is to effect a Reformation of the English Stage; and the motives which actuate the parties are fully detailed in a luminous and interesting Preface, of considerable length; to which we beg to refer our Readers; and, to enable them to judge of the Rejected Theatre, we shall occasionally present them with a few of the best Scenes from these Dramas.

FROM THE WIFNESS, A TRAGEDY!

SCENE—*The Hall of Justice.*

THE JUDGE, MAGISTRATE, ADVOCATE, GLANVILLE,
ISBEL, AND SPECTATORS.

Jud. With calmness now set forth the accusation.

Isb. Nineteen long years ago,—and on this day,
The very birth and change-day of the moon,
A day on which, as you came here to-day,
The King Justiciary open'd the assize;
That hollow man of undiscover'd crimes,
Did, with an impious, destructive hand,
Make me a widow—ruin'd all my life,
Pluck'd every pleasure of the Earth away,
And left me withering, shelterless, and wild,
As the bare tree which Heaven's afflicting flash
Has made so hideous and fantastical,
That twilight travellers, as they pass it by,
Are seiz'd with fear, and think unhallow'd things.

Jud. What proof, what witnesses support this charge?

Isb. Proofs sent from Heaven, and Providence itself,
Every sad morning since the deed was done
I've ta'en my seat near where the trodden grass,

With crimson blush, reveal'd the secret sin ;
And annual as the dismal day came round,
That pensive man, in seeming kind concern,
Did visit me, and minister'd soft words,
With frequent gifts, my sorrow to appease.
Why is't, my Lord, that he was thus so kind.
So punctual in his pity?

Jud.

To the point.

Isb. And ever still, as regularly true,
As the great Sun adorn'd that morning's sky,
His life was mark'd by some high-priz'd advantage,
Some valued fruitage of prosperity.
But yet, while all his house resounded joy,
Still would he from the festal throng retire,
And come in contrite charity to me.
And still as often as his fortune flourish'd,
Some new deficiency in life I found.
Yes, the just Heavens by order'd circumstance,
Since human demonstration there was none,
Have turn'd the issue of his Fortune still,
To draw all eyes to this mysterious day.—
—Once, on the anniversary of guilt,
That fatal day, a son was born to him,
Yet, while the mother weak in anguish lay,
He left her, babe, and garr'lous gossips all,
Rememb'ring me the wretch he made forlorn.
Another time a kinsman proudly rich,
Whose haughty and unrecognizing eye
Had never glanc'd on him or his, deceas'd,
And made him heir to treasures passing name.
Again upon that day, sequence to wealth,
Came great emblazon'd honors from the King.
—Each chance of prosp'rous fortune that he found,
Still on that day befell.

Jud.

Then, wherefore, Isbel,

Did you not sooner make this solemn charge?

Isb. In that, my Lord, behold how Providence
Doth work its purpose to the destin'd end.

Still, though by custom, I was wont to look
With thankful expectation for his coming,
No thought of wrong, not one suspicious thought
Arose within me 'till this day of Justice.
As I was sitting at the city gate,
When he with all the honor'd of the town,
Came forth, as ancient custom did require,
To bring you, as the King's vice-gerent, in ;—
This day, the only day he e'er neglected
To bring his customary gift and pity ;—
I, wond'ring at his absence, as he came
And greeted you with courteous salutation,
Regarded him, I know not how, reproachful,
At which, methought, pale terror blanch'd his face :
He look'd at me, and then anon at you,
And dread and trouble thicken'd in his eye ;—
Then did the proof of all that I have told ;
The nineteen annual visits ; each success
That crown'd his feature, and made fair his lot,
Rise, like the first creation of the light,
Surprising me with most entire conviction.

Jud. The charge against you, Glanville, you have heard ;
'Tis built on circumstances, so obscure,
That but for old traditionary wont,
I should pronounce you free to leave the bar :
But this the charter of the town forbids,
Till you have here, in open court, requir'd
High Heaven to verify the accusation,
Or scaithless, suffer you to quit the Hall.
Say, will you make this terrible appeal ?

Glan. If 'tis so ordered, I must submit.

Jud. Sir, we attend : will you make the appeal ?

Glan. If Heaven accuses me before this court,
Send forth its witness, or let me retire.

Adv. No witness comes.

Jud. Who then is that ?
Stand back, divide, and give him room to enter.

Adv. Who is't, my Lord, who? where? what witness?
which?

Jud. Yon black-hair'd man who wears his plumed cap
On his left temple—Give him room to come.

Adv. I am amaz'd, my Lord, I see none such.

Jud. Him in the purple cloak, yon ruddy man.

Isb. It is, it is my husband that appears!

Glan. O God, O God, and doth his ghost arrive?

My long deep-hidden misery of heart,
Is by the heralding of Heaven proclaim'd
In this stern visitation.—O my child,
My gentle, innocent, sweet Ariette,
But thou art blest, why should I mourn for thee?
You, dearest Reginald, my blazon'd shame
Will, like the taint of an infectious pest,
From all esteem'd society exclude;—
Yet wilt thou never, if preserv'd from guilt
In that exclusion, half the anguish suffer,
Which, ever torturing, gnaw'd thy father's heart;
For let polemics to the end debate,
When bliss or punishment results to man,
Though safe from human law, the guilty feel,
With the first crime the pains of Hell begin.—
Pronounce the sentence; I await my doom.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION, FOR FEBRUARY, 1814.

The Dresses invented by Mrs. Green.

WE this month present our Subscribers with two full, or drawing-room, Dresses. The first is an Orange Tawney Gown, of fine Kerseymere, made *en tunic*; it is bound with White Riband, and worn over a White Satin Slip. Indian Shawl, White Gloves, and Shoes.

A Boddice of Crimson Velvet, worn over a long Dress of clear White Muslin. Hair with Curls in the Neck, and Pearl Ornaments.



LONDON FASHIONS for FEBRUARY.

Published February 13th 1784. by J. H. P. n^o.



THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE CATHEDRAL; A POEM;

BY H. FINN.

Continued from page 58.

HERE, from the motley, plodding throng aloof,
That crowd life's spacious mart, alone I stray,
Marking their Alpha and Omega—*dust*.
Here, meek Devotion, prescient of her scant
Deserts, her form, age, flexile to adore,
Breathes her confiding hope in pray'r to heav'n;
In knitting friendship twines each pleading palm,
And wrests regard from *Him* by whom we are.
The peaceful orison of Piety
Ascends on even wing to Mercy's ear;
No swelling forceful sound conveys her need;
The eye of God is ever on the heart,
Nor speeds more volant its beseeching thought
To Mercy's throne, tho' claim'd by clamour's tongue.
The frequent movements of a heartless lip,
(Impell'd alone when form cements a vain
And idle compact on the Sabbath morn,)
But mocks with semblance of a sacred act
His holy mandate, and incurs the death;
For mask'd Hypocrisy oft deems the due
Discharg'd, and cancel'd by a show of good,
When true Morality, in silent truth,
Owns that the longest life of gratitude
Is but an instant, to repay the boon,
The pourings of repletion on the soul,
Whose owing's endless, although paying ever!
Unseal the heart to speak its wants and thanks;

Then the nutritions of salvation's pledge
 Will prove sweet manna to the Christian's hope ;
 Then will the swell of passion's sea subside,
 And (like the waveless surface of a lake,
 Reflecting day in its meridian) *He*
 Shall look the humble image of his *God!*
 The film that veils beatitude from Vice,
 Wash'd from the vision by contrition's tear,
 Is lost ; and guilt, mercy unmatch'd obtains,
 Where the red scourge of chastisement was due.

Emblems of Ostentation's will, I view,
 Peering in marble majesty above
 The plane of tombs to humble worth erect,
 The many-figur'd cenotaph ; last act
 Of *pride*, to eternize its living folly.
 Oh! *Pride*, the records of thy death
 Are virtues and endowments all ; no vice,
 No error, sullies thy smooth tablet here.
 Who would not wish that rank and wealth were his,
 To purchase virtue, or its empty name ?
 But think, when thy fair line, benighted quite
 In the last cloudings from a burning world,
 Shall sink to nothing and eternal night ;
 Trace then the finger of unerring truth :—
 " Most just was the intent of this proud pile,
 The stony mimic of a harder heart ;
 More cold, more lifeless, to the mourning world ;
 Let mortals read, and shun the sin of *Pride*."
 A trance ideal, oft the mental eye
 Of *Pride* cements in wilful slumber, 'till
 Lean disease, with leaden stroke, wakes the feign'd
 Sense to pause ; and fit itself for lasting
 True repose ; gives it to feel that time shall
 Parcel out the worm its feast ; himself that
 Rotting food ; blended with clod of pauper ;
 The common comate of a vassal's bones!
 Aerial tourists, from their buoyant car,
 (Pendant in azure over-arching space)
 Survey our nether orb epitomized,

And lordly man to them the atom apes,
Though they concentre heed from myriad eyes.
E'en thus unreal Pride plebeians scan;
And hapless bankrupts in ennobled blood,
Or splendid lineage, thus abbreviate,
In concave mirrors self-elation forms.
My Muse must pity, though stern justice blame;
For sure the lowly million, who are born
But to exist, existing but to die,
Whose fate no lay deploras, no eulogy
Perpetuates to say, " 'twas thus he did,"
(Save a friend's tear, which speaks that he was good)
Ne'er mark'd the altitude sculptured tombs
With chaste and pious awe; looking, they pause—
To praise the skill which wrought the wonder out.

Whence comes this constant shuddering at death?
Is it hurt conscience, fearful to o'erleap
The gulph unsounded but by after-life,
That shakes the fibres of a shrinking heart
At thought of something, nothing, nameless future?
Or its unnerving pleasure to transmute
The starting stupor of afflicted nature
To an immortal vigil? Linger nigh
The final gaspings of the tortured wretch,
Strong in youth's morning, sinewy in sin,
Thou sceptic votary of idol Vice;
And hear the monitor, whose infant voice
Sounds peace and life, ere procreant errors
Drown the soft melody in flooding guilt!
Oh! watch the downy pillow of *his* death
Who holds an intercourse with spirits pure;
They hover o'er the couch, and wait to wing
A new associate to celestial rest,
Who drank the lees of liquid sorrow oft,
Yet spoke, with uplift eye,—*thy will be done*;
Then bathe with penitence the faulty part,
And chuse the solar from the meteor light.

(To be continued.)

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON A BIRTH-DAY.

YET once again I'll wake the trembling strings
 Of my lov'd harp! yet once again shall flow
 Its fairy song, ere on the willow-bough
 It rest for ever. Let its wild warblings
 Whisper a strain of grief; for Memory flings
 Round the horizon of this fateful morn
 Her sad regretful gloom; and Hope forlorn
 Droops her dull pinion, and no longer sings
 Her guileful phantasies. Day of my birth!
 Usher'd in storms! to thee no sprightly song
 Of dance, or revelry, can now belong;
 No jocund roundelay of festive mirth!
 But the low weeping notes to sorrow dear,
 That still her heaving breast, and wake a sweeter tear.
 Nov. 30th.

AGNES

STANZAS.

Adieu! to my wild harp! adieu to its warblings!
 That have oft lull'd my bosom to blissful repose;
 Now hung on the willow-wreath, soon shall its mournings
 Be hush'd,—or but sigh when the winter-wind blows.
 'Tis sad when the friends of our youth are departing
 The turbulent ocean of life to explore;
 But, ah! sweet is the hope while the bitter tear's starting,
 That the land-breeze may soon their lov'd vessel restore.
 But for thee, the companion of life's early sorrows,
 For thee, my lov'd harp! is no hour of return,
 And Fancy, in vain, from the past fondly borrows
 A beam to illumine the future's dark bourne.
 Yes! thou wast my bosom-friend, ever forsaking
 The world's fading joys with the mourner to dwell;
 And, ah! all in secret that blest tear awaking
 That soothes the lorn bosom with mystical spell.
 Now be hush'd, my lov'd harp! no more fleetly glancing,
 With tremulous rapture, thy light chords along;
 This hand shall awaken thy wild notes entrancing;
 No more rashly strike the adventurous song.

January, 1814.

ZILIA.

M A R Y:

" AH! why thus reclin'd on the beach, in mute sorrow,
Dost thou strain thy dim eyes o'er the wide roaring sea;
Perhaps the wish'd bark may arrive here to-morrow;
And the winds now be wafting thy lover to thee."
" Oh, no!" she exclaim'd, while the tear-drops were streaming,
And the deep drawn sob swell'd her labouring breast,
" No longer of love, or of happiness dreaming,
I look to the grave as the place of my rest.
" Consumption's rank breath, like a mildew destroying,
The fair, but frail blossoms of youth and of health,
No longer bright hope's lovely visions enjoying,
I sink the pale victim of pride and of wealth.
Ah! parents too cruel! too late you 're relenting;
I die, e'er the dear banish'd youth can return;
Yet will not your hard hearts be deeply repenting,
When you see him in agony kneel by my urn?
They sent my beloved o'er the wide rolling ocean,
And left me in anguish his loss to deplore;
Now melted too late by my soul's wild emotion,
They woo him again to his own native shore.
Yet blow, blow, ye breezes, and waft my love hither;
Yet, yet, let us meet, though in anguish and pain.
Ah! me, life recedes; like the flow'ret I wither,
That crush'd in the storm can ne'er blossom again."
She ceas'd, and then cast a last look on the billow,
As murmuring slow on the sea-beach it roll'd;
Then sank her fair head on the cliff's rocky pillow,
And the rent heart of Mary was silent and cold.

*Sept. 1813.**ORA.*

*L I N E S**Written at the Close of 1813.*

PAST Year, farewell! thy flitting form
Still hovers on the midnight storm,
And ling'ring thro' the dusky vale,
I hear thy voice upon the gale;

But, hark!—from yonder beetling tow'r,
Deep tolls the pond'rous midnight hour;
And tells, with heavy leaden tone,
Thy day expir'd, thy season gone!
And as the clanging echoes wide
Reverb'rate o'er the rolling tide,
They seem to breathe, with hollow swell,
On plaintive chord, a long farewell!

Tho' late it seems, ah! little span,
Since first thy early race began;
Since merry peal, o'er hill and lawn,
Proclaim'd thy morning's welcome dawn;
Yet thou hast frequent prov'd, I trow,
The harbinger of bliss and woe;
Dispensed joy with gladsome mood,
Whilst others saw thee bleak and rude;
And often, in unwelcome hour,
Hast nipt the bloom from beauty's flow'r;
And expectation's tow'ring spire
Quick levell'd with relentless ire.

Oh! thou hast bid with anguish deep
The heart to throb, the eye to weep,
That rovd before in transport's charms,
And wanton'd in enjoyment's arms;
Hast sever'd with too harsh controul
Fond hearts united by one soul;
And snapt the bands by love entwin'd,
And friendship's joys to grief resign'd;
Hast grasp'd with rude despotic pow'r
The offspring of Love's earliest hour;
On affluence' cheek, hast bid despair
And penury infix each care;
Corroding pangs of inmost woe
Assail misfortune's child below.

I fain would call thee good and kind,
But yet have felt thy wintry wind;
And for each smile thou didst impart,
Demand a tear from sorrow's heart.
Yet mem'ry will reflect thee still
The giver of each good and ill.

Farewell! thou transitory beam
That short illum'd life's passing dream;
And shed upon our thorny way
A little hour, a short-liv'd ray;
As quick dissolves thy twinkling light
From mortal ken, in shades of night,
Thou seem'st to breathe this truth to man—
"How weak his strength, how short his span!
"How soon will sink his deeds, forgot,
"His honors, fame, remember'd not."
Child of my day! I long will mourn
Upon thy cold neglected urn;
And strew with many an early flow'r
Thy bed in meditative hour.
E'en now methinks, with rapid stride,
Thou sinkest in oblivion's tide;
Mingling with distant ages gone,
That sleep unhallow'd and unknown:
Perhaps along a fleeting age
Thou'lt live in memory's sacred page;
But soon, like thee, in endless sleep,
Will mem'ry rest sepulchred deep,
Forgetful of each hope and woe
That greets its pilgrimage below.

But yet, when mem'ry lives no more,
It's flame expir'd, it's season o'er,
Will History swell the trump of fame,
And Record blazon high thy name;
Will point to thee when Europe broke
The fetter'd chains of foreign yoke;
When Victory's standard wav'd unfurl'd,
And spread a radiance o'er the world;
Whilst from Ambition's loftiest seat
Grovel'd the Tyrant at her feet;
And Liberty, with heav'nly sway,
Bade joy illumine the face of day,
That, veil'd in thick impervious gloom,
Had slumber'd long o'er Freedom's tomb.
Auspicious hour! when matchless deeds
E'en hope outstrip, as quick it speeds,

And roll along with dreadful sweep,
 As whirlwinds o'er the billowy deep;
 Or when the pow'rful tide o'erflows,
 The oozy banks in vain oppose,—
 But spreads resistless, 'whelming far
 The shores in elemental war;
 Till lurid deluge veils the plain,
 Then sleeps in tranquil peace again.

J. M. B.

**THE MUSE'S TRIBUTE
 TO THE MEMORY OF A FALLEN HERO!**

Peace! to the val'rous Soldier peace!

Low is the Hero laid!

The storms of life and glory cease

In death's eternal shade!

The battle's roar, the trumpet's note,

Shall now no more annoy;

No more the Victor's happy shout

Awake his soul to joy.

No more the wounded soldier's scream

Shall pain his feeling breast;

No more the anguish-giving dream

Shall mar his lasting rest!

No more ambitious hopes of fame

Employ the warrior's soul;

Nor glory's pow'r again can claim

One instant of controul.

Pleasures eternal on him wait,

For he was good as brave;

And many a breast that mourn'd his fate,

Yet envied him his grave!

Peace! to the val'rous Soldier peace!

Low is the hero laid!

The storms of life and glory cease

In death's eternal shade!

Jan. 6th, 1814.

J. M. LACEY.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR *Apollonian Wreath* has been adorned with so many beautiful Flowerets from AGNES, that, on any occasion, we should have deeply deplored the loss of her valuable Correspondence,—but on none so much as when likely to proceed from the delicate state of her health.—We are very grateful for the excellent Poetry transmitted, which shall appear in succeeding Numbers; for as these pieces may be the last of Agnes' favours, it behooves us to use them sparingly.

Mr. PORTER's Allegory of Slander is, for the present, superseded by Cursory Thoughts on Censure, &c. which have been delayed two months.—A Letter from a Young French Officer, and other papers, will meet due attention.

Several poetical productions are postponed.

Mr. H. FINN's parcel was received too late to gratify the interest his Letters have excited by increasing their quantity this month.—His kind suggestion shall be attended to.

Erratum—In No. for January p. 56th, l. 7th, of *The Cathedral*,
for—Whose pinions, wove from elemental glow;
read—Whose pinions, wove from elemental gloom,

We are infinitely obliged by several SUBSCRIPTIONS to a VOLUME of POEMS, for the interesting and unfortunate ORA.—Vide her affecting Appeal in pages 46 & 47 of Number for January; and her plaintive Ballad of Mary, p. 115 of present Number.

A most valued Correspondent, whose name we should be proud to mention, but that we dare not so far offend the dignity of his nature, and the benevolence of his heart,—has, with the greatest humility, contributed a sum which, we fear, is beyond his means; and yet this mite, lowly as he esteems it, is the highest Donation on our List.—We would that we had the power to raise a spirit in favour of the truly amiable, virtuous, and ingenuous ORA. Our own humble exertions shall not be wanting; but we earnestly wish that something generally and of importance were done for her benefit; and shall be thankful for any suggestion that may lead to that desirable end.—We trust the Gentleman to whom we allude, will forgive the insertion of his Letter; it is well written; the sentiments accord with our own; and we hope, devoutly hope,

that the feelings and sentiments of the writer will be infused into the minds and hearts of our Readers, and produce the most laudable of all human purposes—that of inducing them generally to render relief and substantial assistance to a most interesting individual,—one who is at once virtuous and unfortunate, and therefore has the highest, because a double claim to their regard and protection.

“ MR. EDITOR,

“ A multiplicity of intervening circumstances has prevented my writing sooner on a subject which, I am sure, must have proved so very interesting to the generality of your Readers; I can, however, with sincerity declare, that my perhaps seeming indifference has not proceeded from any deficiency of feeling towards the unhappy distresses of an individual whom, tho' utterly unknown, I already respect and esteem. There was something, sir, so modest, so amiable, so affecting, in the Appeal made by ORA, that I never felt till then how truly blessed are they whom heaven has gifted with the means to bless; never till then so forcibly felt my own inferiority in the world; nor so deeply envied those luckier Children of Wealth, whom, at other moments, I have laughed at and despised! I cannot divest myself of a certain humiliating diffidence when I offer her the scanty mite of my assistance;—but her own noble, ingenuous, and virtuous heart will supply a better apology for me than all the exertions of my own pen.

“ I am peculiarly, very peculiarly situated in the world; and if I had not thought myself unfortunate before, this unhappy sufferer had learnt me to think so now; but she, alas! has only deepened the mournful conviction.

“ But words are not necessary here;—this is a case, sir, wherein I can neither write with pride, nor spirit.

“ With the most fervent wishes that success may attend the the hopes and endeavours of your amiable and unfortunate Correspondent, ORA,

“ I remain, Sir,

“ Your's, most respectfully,

The Names of Subscribers will be most thankfully received by J. W. H. Payne, 20, Warwick-square, Newgate-street; G. Cowie and Co. 31, Poultry; and T. Mason, No. 2, Great Russel-street, Bloomsbury, London.





Sarah Shiells pinx^t.

H.R. Cook sculp^t.

M^{rs} Ann Yearley.

4.

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